LITERATURE

SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter—
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter;
Hearts will be happier—souls will be whiter—
Some of these days!

Some of these days, in the deserts upspringing,
Fountains shall flash, while the joybells are ringing,
And the world—with its sweetest of birds shall go singing—
Some of these days!

Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow;
Faith in the future—its light we may borrow;
There will be joy in the golden tomorrow—
Some of these days!
—Exchange.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Low at my feet is stretched the lordly vale;
Across my realm the high wild stars are led;
My garment is the light, the darkness *dread;*
I wrap me round with rain and snow and hail.
Round me and round the eagles nest and sail;
Between my knees the thunders make their bed;
I lap the storm-winds, and their young are bred,
Their young that play, and chafe my rocky mail.
Who cometh up to me, he shall have power,
The prophet's power, the old lawgiver's might,
Ay, he shall have the tablet in his hand,
He shall not fail, but in the evil hour
And good, uplifted, clothed upon with light,
His neck unbowed, as I stand shall he stand.
—John Vance Cheney.

HAUNTINGS.

'Tis'nt the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of hearthsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone,
Which you had no time nor thought for
With troubles of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find.
They come in night and silence,
Each sad reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."
—Margaret E. Sangster.

A GOOD BOOK.

That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.
Unless to Thought is added Will,
Apollo is an imbecile.
What parts, what gems, what colors shine—
Ah, but I miss the grand design!
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

NOTES.

A new novel by the author of "The Gadfly" is in the hands of an American publisher. It is entitled "Jack Raymond." The author, Mrs. E. L. Voquich, is the wife of a well-known London bookseller.

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A great many misrepresentations have been made relative to the works of the late Maurice Thompson. Several publishers have republished and advertised as new books some of Mr. Thompson's immature works written eighteen and twenty years ago, on the strength of "Alice of Old Vincennes." It is a rank injustice to Mr. Thompson's reputation. The Bowen-Merrill company have stopped a number of publications by legal proceedings, and many newspapers are correcting the impression incorrectly given by them at first that they were recent productions of Mr. Thompson's pen. The New York Mail Express in referring to the matter says: "Old stories of Mr. Thompsons' pot-boilers—practically forgotten after their short struggle for existence, many years ago—were resurrected, cunningly dressed up and adroitly advertised, on the strength of the popularity of his last novel. The field of American literature is vast enough to make immediate recognition of old books of this kind sometimes impossible. It was thus in Mr. Thompson's case with more than one experienced hand. Suffice it to say that 'Alice of Old Vincennes' is the only new novel by Maurice Thompson now on the market."

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Mr. Henry James, in the North American Review, states, curiously enough, that "it is the ladies who would lately seem to have done most to remind us of man's relations with himself—that is, with women." The allusion is undoubtedly inspired by Madame Sarah Grand's fresh attack on man's inhumanity to women in her very readable comedy of manners," Babs the Impossible." The idea it embodies is a serious one. Madame Grand sees an ever-increasing danger in the number of "desolate women left in desert country places, the pathetic victims of nature's atrophy." This statement of affairs, which has been given prominence in "Babs," has aroused a good deal of ire on the part of the men, and protestations have been coming in from every quarter of the globe. One writer in a recent issue of Literature seriously questions the statement that "each succeeding year of the latter end of the century has seen this particular evil steadily intensified." He goes on to ask, "Are not the large hospitals, the Swedish gymnasia, the horticultural colleges, the high schools, the typewriters' offices, the dressmakers', photographers', even dentists' establishments, gradually drawing off these "pathetic victims of nature's atrophy"? The vicar's daughter no longer finds her occupation in decorating the chancel, and her emotional outlet in sighing for the curate. She comes up to town and shares two rooms with a girl friend, and makes it cheery enough, if rather scanty living."

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The Laurel Press of 156 Fifth avenue, New York, announces an edition de luxe of the "Amoretti or Love Sonnets of Edmond Spenser." It is a surprising fact that heretofore there has been apparently no good separate edition of these famous poems, that next to the sonnets of Shakespeare are beyond doubt the most beautiful love poems in the English language. Only 450 copies will be printed from type on the finest handmade paper. Each sonnet will be embellished with an initial drawn especially for this edition.

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Miss Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Voice of the People," had the misfortune to lose a part of the manuscript of her next novel in the fire that burned the Jefferson hotel in Richmond, Va. It was reported that the whole manuscript was lost, but, fortunately, only a few chapters were destroyed, which Miss Glasgow had in the hotel at the time for the purpose of having copied. The new story, progress on which was not materially delayed by the fire, is a tale of the civil war, and Miss Glasgow's readers look forward to it with very great expectation. It will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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Alphonse Daudet used to say that he could never write anything worth while unless he wrote it with his own hand; and of this fact he gave a psychological explanation. He claimed that in writing with the pen there is a much more intimate connection between the brain and its product than can be obtained in any other way; because the brain not only composes but in the very moment of composition looks at the results through the medium of the eye, and is therefore simultaneously going through the processes at once—the process of creation and the process of criticism. Furthermore, he said that in doing his own writing with the pen he had a feeling that he was actually putting a part of himself into his work; and that in consequence the individuality and the impress of character in what he wrote were much more sharply given.

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Henrik Ibsen, the eminent Norwegian writer, is fastidiously neat in his habits, punctual, and painstaking, but never in a hurry, says Current Literature. He keeps on his table a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among them a wooden bear, two or three cats, and some rabbits. He is reported to have said, "I never write a single line without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table; I could not write without them. But why I use them is my own secret."

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Once a month during this year Harper & Brothers publish one of twelve American novels intended to picture the social life of this country. The fourth one in this series is "A Victim of Circumstances," by Geraldine Anthony, and it is just issued. The three books previously published were "Eastover Court House," by Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown; "The Sentimentalist," by Arthur Stanford Pier, and "Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates.

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"A Victim of Circumstances" treats of the days in New York when debutantes made their bows to society at afternoon teas in low-necked dresses. That was not so very long ago—a scant fourteen years. Jerome Park was in its glory and persons of quality congregated in front of the Brunswick to watch the start of the "Pioneer" coach on its tri-weekly trip to the new Century Club at Westchester.

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Maturin Townshend is an old fashioned man with five millions and three nephews. Those in the book who do not revolve around him are satellites of Madame Trevor, the grandmother of most of the dramatis personae. She is a despotic social leader with strong views as to what is correct and which marriages are good form, but despite her huge influence she is just a fat old woman in a camel's hair shawl and a bonnet so shocking that only a cook or a duchess would dare to wear it. She wears it on the basis that she is an American duchess.

Madame Trevor is the chaperon and mother chicken of two sweet and thoroughly delightful American grandchicks, "Clip" Trevor and "Spriggy" Harcourt, whom she guards with the fierce eye of a dragon.

The satellites of the old lady and of the old gentleman fall in love in crisscross fashion and pretty indiscriminately.

An important character is Reginald Courtenay, son of the fifth Viscount of that name who, being hard up, has been forced by his father to sell out of the Irish Lancers and come to this country in search of a rich wife.

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He is the villain in the book, if there is one, but his own villainy consists in looking for a rich wife,—not much of a fault in European eyes. Spriggy Harcourt (one of the Trevor grandchicks and rich) dazzles him.

At the house party at Madame Trevor's they all revel in smart talk and repartee, the three nephews of old Townshend, who are Roy Trevor, a manly chap; Bobby Floyd, a scapegrace with a Mrs. Partington tendency of putting his foot in it, and Sidney Percival, a lovesick youth. Then there are Percy Townshend and a few other men.

They fall in love amid most delightful surroundings of tennis, boating and driving. Spriggy and Clip have a perfect surfeit of sweethearts. Courtenay Roy Trevor and Sidney Percival being the most active campaigners.

Percival takes Clip to a garret to get some fencing foils and incidentally to propose.

"Percival having lighted his fair companion up the garret stairs sets the candlestick on an old bureau and seated himself on a trunk studded with brass-headed nails." He asks for a ghost story.

"Clip took a packing box. 'Once upon a time,' she began, 'there was a girl who went into a dark and lonely place to get something that she wanted immediately, and a person went with her to protect her from dangers. The roof leaked and the rain fell into a tin pan with a most dreadful noise. The rafters were covered with cobwebs and great fat spiders and the walls were full of rats two feet long and it was cold and wet and black as pitch. Now when this Person saw all these things he insisted on staying there; so the girl froze to death and when the other people came to see what had become of her they found her lying in a cobweb shrowd, while the remorseful Person had drowned himself in the pan of water.'

"'Mine is prettier than that and not so tragic I hope,' said Percival. 'Once upon a time there was a princess who was always so surrounded by her courtiers that it was impossible for an ordinary person to obtain an audience. Now one of these ordinary persons was on the point of setting forth on a journey and desired above all things to speak privately with the princess before he made his public adieux; but no matter how hard he tried there was always some obstacle in the way. At length she announced her intention of making a pilgrimage to a lonely and perilous spot and he begged her to allow him to light her on her way, so that he might have one last opportunity to beg that she would be a little sorry for his departure and think of him sometimes while he was away."

* * *

"'Why?' Miss Trevor inquired with lively curiosity.

"'So that when he came back to her she might find nothing unnatural or disagreeable in his staying. So that when he asked her the question that was in his heart she wouldn't be startled and frightened and hate him for disturbing her.'

"'Let me finish it,' said Miss Trevor. 'The Knight went away to take charge of his own estates and being inconstant forgot the princess in a week. She thought of him twice a day until she grew tired of waiting and then she began to think of somebody else who happened to be close at hand. And as he never came back she never knew what his question would have been nor how she would have answered it if he had asked it.'

"'But surely she could guess,' said Percival.

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"'She was a stupid Princess and not good at riddles,' said Miss Trevor. 'Please hold the candle so that the light will fall in that corner. Yes, there are the foils.'"

This finishes Percival and Clip, who eventually becomes engaged to Roy Trevor.

Courtnay gets out of his depths, both in finances and in love. He doesn't know whether he loves Spriggy or Clip best.

The scene between Courtnay and Clip breaks the engagement between her and Trevor, who does not believe the story that she was being kissed against her will. Courtnay disappears from the scene "A Victim of Circumstances."

The story, which has the correct New Yory social atmosphere, ends with two very happy marriages.

BOOKS.

The fourth of the American Contemporary Novel Series, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers are issuing once a month during the present year, a brief portion of which is given above, is called "A Victim of Circumstances," and the author, Miss Geraldine Anthony, is a New York, society woman. As it is the writer's first novel, and is said to picture New York society, not only in the metropolis, but at the fashionable summer resorts of the Sound, a good deal of genuine amusement and food for gossip will be furnished the reader, especially as the author's knowledge of the people she writes about has been derived at first hand, and as the talk in the novel is said to be undeniably witty and piquant. It is just the sort of novel to make the sensation of a summer.

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The widespread interest in the revelations of high life which figure in "The Martyrdom of an Empress," and which continues to make that book still sell by the thousand, will be increased by the announcement of a second book by the unknown author, which promises to be as entertaining and startling in its disclosures as was her first book. In "The Tribulations of a Princess" the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" has given us her autobiography, but still conceals her identity from the public for obvious reasons. Behind the shelter of anonymity she writes with a free hand of European life in royal circles, and it is not too much to predicate when we say that probably no book of the year will furnish so much gossip around the tea-table as will "The Tribulations of a Princess."

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A Text-Book of Psychology is a new work by Daniel Putnam, LL.D., professor of psychology and pedagogy in the Michigan state normal college. This work is equally well adapted for the general reader and for the student. It presents in simple and direct language a clear exposition of the generally accepted principles of psychology. The existence of an entity which may properly be called the mind or soul is recognized; while at the same time the physiological aspects of psychology receive due attention, an appendix giving helpful directions for psychological experiments and the necessary apparatus therefor. A chapter is devoted to the moral nature and moral law, the evil effects of hypnotism are clearly indicated, and the subject of the emotions receives more attention than is usual. We are particularly pleased with the book in that an appearance of profundity is not sought for by an involved style or a superabundance of technical forms of expression, but every division of psychology receives adequate treatment.

MAGAZINES.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has but just closed a delightful series of Irish sketches in one magazine to begin a new series of English sketches in another. Scribner's Magazine is the favored periodical this time. In the May number is the first of three installments of "The Diary of a Goose Girl" in which she sets down her experiences in a tiny village of rural England which she suddenly fell in love with in wandering over the country and took up temporary residence therein, among the geese, Belgian hares, rabbits and sheep, to say nothing of the village worthies and village urchins. The dairy is charmingly "Wigginy," and the illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson are admirably in keeping. E. W. Hornung relates more adventures of the Amateur Cracksman; John Fox, Jr., concludes his sketches of "The Southern Mountaineer;" Thomas F. Millard has a paper on Gen. Christian Dewet; Walter A. Wyckoff tells about his experience as a worker "With Iowa Farmers;" John La Farge gives, with sketches drawn by himself, "Passages from a Diary in the Pacific," the field being Hawaii, and there are other sketches, stories and poems.—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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The Country for May contains a number of what may be called "travel papers." It opens with an account by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, of "A Hamlet in Old Hampshire," the village in the heart of England which this American artist made her home and which she charmingly describes with pen drawings. Next follows "Breakfast in Naples," by Mary Uda-Scott, with illustrations from photographs. The reader is taken to France by Baron Pierre De Coubertin, who temperately eulogizes Emile Loubet, and Stoddard Dewey, who wanders "Along the Paris Quais," peeping into the bookstalls, pointing out the piquant features of "Paris in profile" on the other bank of the Seine, and gossiping, as he walks, of men and books and other mundane things. "Out-of-the-Way Places in the Orient" are picturesquely described, in separate sketches, by Mrs. Lockwood De Forest, Marion M. Pope, and V. C. Scott O'Connor, with illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling and from architectural and other photographs. Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., writes of "A Recovered City of Alexander the Great" Fanny Corbett Hays tells of missionary experiences in China. Charles Battell Loomis makes us acquainted with some more "Americans Abroad" and Robert T. Hill, in "The Broken Necklace," (the Antillean islands chain), directs attention to a timely lesson in the government of distant colonies. "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle is brought to a happy ending this month, but Irving Bachelier's 'D'ri and I" continues on its course and among the short stories are "A Japanese Illusion," by Virginia Ball, and a good, old-fashioned tenement house tale, by Jacob Riis.—The Century Company, New York.

TALE OF A STAMP.

I'm a tramp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked,
Except once;
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were reached
By a mail clerk,
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope.
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin;
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
I would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries,
And warm
As the summer sun
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me,
Oh, say!
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-center.
—Ohio State Journal.

MILLION FAMILY NAMED IN NUMERALS.

"In a long experience in the Treasury Department I have come across a very large number of names, many of which are rather peculiar," explained an old official to a Washington Star reporter, "but I think the list of names in connection with the subscription to the 3 per cent bonds surpasses anything in the way of pecularity that I have ever observed.

"Of these the one that struck me most was a man who signed himself Ten Million and who resides out in Oregon. We thought the name was an imaginative one and wrote the man that it was desired that bonds should be registered in the real names only, and that no further attention would be paid to his subscription until he was heard from. His letter was written on the printed letter head of the firm of Million & Million, two brothers. Then followed an explanation that his father and mother were unable to select names for their children that were mutually satisfactory and that, as a result though they had had ten children, none of them were ever christened formally. The first child was a girl and was known as One Million. The second child, also a girl, was known as Two Million Thus they run along, until Ten Million was reached, and he was the writer of the letter, the other member of the firm being a brother whose only name as far as the family was concerned was Seven Million, the seventh child. He added that One Million had afterward called herself Una Million, that the third girl was known after she had grown up as Trio Million. The others had taken on additions to their names and he had adopted the name of Tenis Million, but his real name was Ten Million and nothing else. The bonds were issued to him, and today stand on the books of the Treasury Department registered in the name of Ten Million.

"Peculiar names in connection with the same subscription came in from other cities, and though I kept notes of some of them, I cannot recall all of them now. An instance, John T. Forward and Anson K. Backward reside in Saint Augustine, Fla., while Abram M. Hire, Samuel F. Furlough and Custis J. Discharge lived in Chattanooga, Tenn.; Elsie I. Smart, Richard A. Dull and William C. Active were residents of St. Paul; Cashell Stone, Robert Diamond, Rachael Flint and Austin Pearl lived in Seattle Wash.; Karl Plugge, Hensel Smokin, Charles Seager and Edwin Toback resided in Cincinnati; Michael T. Meat, Timonthy Apple, Thomas Coffee, Rudolph Egg and William Ham, besides others suggesting eatables, live in Baltimore; Christopherson Pain, Joshua Suffering, Edmund Growl and James S. Colic reside in Louisville, Ky.; George W. Blemish, W. H. Perfect, August Plain, Daniel D. Fancy and Henry Elegant are Bostonians; Frank M. Long, Joseph Short, Reuben Mile, Samuel S. Yard and Lemuel W. Inch reside in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herschel Q. High, Charles W. Low, Frederick N. Medium live in Milwaukee Wis., which city also has John E. Holden and Euphrates Setgo as residents. New York with its number of subscribers has the names of Eugene R. Carpenter, Quintus Plumber, George F. Painter, Claude Wheelwright, Alpheus R. Tinner, Magnus Silversmith, Charles A. Baker, William Pilst and dozens of other occupations. Richmond, Va., has William K. Allcaught, Richmond, Ind., has a subscriber named Alfred Nevercaught, while Galvaston, Texas, has a subscriber named Mizner Nottcaught."